FRANCE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, June 18, 1857.

The movement in reference to the election, which is to take place next Sunday and Monday, of members of the Corps Législatif, though quiet and tame compared with the stir and excitement of an American "campaign," has within the past two weeks been growing in extent and activity to a degree that neither Government nor the adversaries seemed to anticipate a month ago. The doctrine of abstention from voting, which was, at a time not very distant, held by many Republicans, is now rejected even by a portion of the Legitimists. Republicans, Democrats, Constitutional Monarchists, in fine, the holders of liberal opinions of all shades, so far as can be judged from the journals that represent these opinions, have almost universally decided to vote for opposition candidates, and to further their election by all means that oppressive legal restrictions leave in their power. On its side, the constituted authorities are doing their utmost to secure the election of the Government candidates, in many cases exerting themselves with a zeal in which dignity yields entirely to anxiety for success. The candidates presented by Government are, for the most part, ex-members of the late Legislative Body; a few only of those members, some of whom distinguished themselves by some independence of opinion, not more than thirty or forty in all, are omitted from the favored lists. Several of these, among them Montalembert, have offered themselves for reëlection on their own merits.

That a very large proportion of the Imperial protégés will be elected no one doubts, and elected, too, I doubt not, by a real majority of votes. But it is worth noting here, among the numerous qualifying regulations that affect the freedom of election under the well-sounding law of Universal Suffrage, that the *counting of the votes* is entirely in the hands of the agents of the Emperor, with little control but that of their consciences.

Every day brings in from the departments the announcement of new names of opposition candidates, sometimes accompanied by reports of the likelihood of their success. What this likelihood may be in certain cases, whether in the departments or here in Paris, it is extremely difficult to tell, much more difficult than on a similar occasion with us, when, however, the shrewdest calculators, with all the aids of a free preliminary canvass and every means of publicity, are half the time at fault. In default of mass meetings or public political meetings of any sort, and indeed of almost every kind of political demonstration, before the day of voting, it is next to impossible to obtain now any reliable information as to the state of opinion with the great mass of electors. At present, or until very recently, the interest felt by political leaders does not seem to have generally inspired the people. But a French popular indifference of to-day may change into something like enthusiasm by the end of the week.

The agents of the reigning power, from Prefects down to the lowest police officers, are busy in waking up this enthusiasm in their favor, while on the other side, in spite of the restrictions referred to above, there is a constantly increasing activity of effort. And here it is very noteworthy that this activity, hampered as it is, is yet much bolder than it was six years ago. The liberal journals of Paris venture to indulge themselves in the use of the words "democracy" and "democratic opinion," and even "republican;" to criticise the acts of prefects and lower subordinates of the Emperor with something approaching to indignation; to encourage the idea of opposition, and to remind the Emperor that it is time to grant that liberty with which, six years ago, he declared it was his desire eventually to endow France. In fine, the tone of the Press, though still lamentably timorous and subdued, clearly indicates a sense of greater independence and growing importance. It is true that, no later ago than this morning, the *Siècle* newspaper received a third warning for a passage of an article in its yesterday's issue that would not strike an American or Englishman as surpassing the limits of moderation. But this warning would have been three years ago what it might now have legally been, and what the Government official boasts of the Imperial clemency in not making it, a suspension. The true state of the case is palpably this: Government is afraid of the comparative free speaking of the *Siècle*, and seeks to check it by this warning; but Government is still more afraid, on the eve of the election, to irritate a formidable number of readers of that paper by silencing that important organ of liberal opinion. Instead of saying that Government is afraid, I had better chosen another term. Louis Napoleon, at least, probably has no fear of being pushed from the throne; whether blindly or with reason, he is confident of the permanence of his position; even the menace of a revolution, of which there are no imminent signs, would rather trouble than alarm him. He has faith in his star and his bayonets; and it is quite possible—for he has more than once shown himself capable of taking a hint—that while he will do his best to check down the evidently growing spirit of opposition, he will also do his best to reconcile its demands with his own safety.

That, however, is nearly as difficult a task as to mix oil and water—in fact, to mix oil with very hard water. For it cannot be denied that a French opposition is sure to join unreasonable and impractical with reasonable demands, and is forever overshooting itself. His Majesty doubtless thought he had nearly succeeded in an oil-and-water mixture, when he coupled universal suffrage and autocracy. While France remained under the impression of the Imperial terror on one hand and the wretched insufficiency of the Legislative Assembly on the other, the hostile elements did seem to be mingled. But their essential tendency to disunion is fast becoming apparent, and nowhere more so than in circulars of Mayors and provincial Prefects, who urge and almost command electors to vote for the Imperial candidates, and in the same breath laud the admirable institution of free and universal suffrage. A universal elective franchise and Louis Napoleonism may be joined for a time, but cannot essentially unite; and the day when they cease to be skewered to each other with bayonets, that day they must fall apart and one of them must fall down.

The Department of the Seine sends ten members to the Legislature (so called). On five of the opposition candidates, nearly all shades of liberal politicians, from the theoretical Democrats of *La Presse* to the Constitutional Monarchists of the *Debats*, are united—each having among the five one or more representatives of its own color, and agreeing to waive minor differences in support of the rest. Here the list divides; and of the other five there are two sets, supported respectively by the different journal who unite on the first five. There are on these lists several names well known in America as members of the Provisional Government and Executive Commission in 1848; among them that of Gen Cavaignac, who will also be supported in four different departmental districts. At Douai, in the Department of the North, and here in Paris, it is no improbable that he may be elected. It is though that he will not take the oath of allegiance to the present Power, and consequently will not take his seat. People will vote for him, as they did in 1852 when he was chosen, you remember, by one of the Paris districts, only by way of "demonstration." There was very good reason for such demonstration for that time, but at the present date it seems useless, almost puerile. But it is the way they do things in France. Meantime, the General himself has not made known his intentions, and may, after all, take his seat. This seems undignified, not to say inconsistent, or worse. But that, too, is a way they do things in France, where few statesmen of mark have not sworn to the support of two or three different Governments.

How happy and blessed are we, that no such seeming tergiversations are known among our public men! Let us be humbly and duly thankful that we are not as these Frenchmen.

Apropos of "demonstrations," the main gravity and worth of the liberal movement in this election are considered by its leaders to lie as much in the demonstration, to the Emperor, of a public spirit of and earnest desire for liberty, as in the entry of a few of their candidates into a body where their whole action would be confined to "demonstrations."

Mr. Charles Sumner returned to Paris last Friday from his tour through the south-western provinces of France. I had intended to set down here some particulars of his busy journey, which I learned in several conversations I had with him, thinking that a report of them would gratify many among your readers who are interested in all his movements. But I find that what seemed so brief in the pleasant telling would occupy more space than I have left in this letter, and I will confine myself to a bare itinerary of his route. Mr. S., after following down the beautiful valley of the Loire and visiting its historical monuments, went on to Bordeaux, Biarritz, then to Eaux Bonnes in the Pyrenees, then to Cette, Toulouse, Dijon, Fontainebleau, and so back to Paris. Although the journey was, as I said, a busy one, historical monuments, libraries, museums and all places and objects of note that lay in the way being studiously examined, it has benefited his health, which previous to his leaving Paris was beginning to suffer from nervous derangement. Although his nervous system is still morbidly sensitive, Mr. Sumner wears now the look of rugged health. He left here last Tuesday for London, whither he was attracted specially by a desire to attend some of the debates of Parliament now in session. He returns to France in August, to see other parts of the country, and to visit De Tocqueville at his chateau in Normandy, and perhaps Lamartine at Macon, both of whom have invited him to their country residences.

Distinguished Americans abound this season in Paris. We have, or have had within the week, among us, Bryant, the poet; Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature; Ives, the sculptor; Henry Raymond, the ex-Lieutenant Governor and editor; Hume, the be-deviled; and, if one of the Paris feuilletonists were to be believed, which he is not, Brigham Young, the Mormon. Our very extraordinary Minister Mason is still here, emitting constant effulgence to illuminate the American name in general and American diplomacy in particular. The last triumph of his diplomatic plenipotence is the obtaining from the French Government the remarkable privilege for the new American church, now building in the Rue de Berri, of having nothing but English service within its walls—I mean no preaching or talking except in what Mr. Under-Secretary of State Dudley Mann used to call the American language. I say the privilege is remarkable, because in the Wesleyan Chapel, in the Rue Royale, the privileges of which were obtained by an English Embassador, preaching in the French tongue is regularly heard.

ROME.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

JUNE 10, 1857.

Rome is herself again in Summer—old, deserted and lonely. There is nothing new now, unless it be that the Pope is away at the north, having his toe kissed at Rimini, at Ancona, and so along the Adriatic, consoling courts and communities with his paternal benedictions. You might as well expect "news" from Rip Van Winkle in his mid-slumber time, as from us; and as for "passing events," they are out of season. The Russian Empress came and went; and left a pittance of three pauls apiece to the six thousand beggars who petitioned for her alms, not one of whom ever figured to himself anything less than a good round yearly income as his gratuity from an Empress's revenue. Her bequest still lies deposited, no one daring to distribute it, lest the disappointed poor should accuse himself of robbing them, and so turn and rend him.

Visitors and strangers are mostly scattered away, and foreign residents wait the 1st of July to go to the hills or to the sea. Yet I am told that going into the country for the Summer is more a matter of fashion than health, here as elsewhere. Many American residents passing the Summer in town have found it as tolerable as most of our New-England villages—the only difference being, the Summer begins a month earlier and lasts a month longer. The sea breeze is felt at noon, and that, with shade, keeps us comfortable. Even with its fevers, Rome is found more healthy than the mountain towns. The Spring was backward, but now the sun is in full blast—both the heat and the cold being attributed to the close-by comet, for dread of which some of the peasants are said to have forborne the cultivation of their fields.

The promenades are thronged in the evening, but in the middle of the day the city is silent as a churchyard. The inhabitants mostly dine about noon or a little after; then those who do not work sleep, and then go out to drive or walk a couple of hours before sunset. The Corso, the Ripetta, the Babrimo, pour their full currents through the Piazza del Popolo, whence they turn to the Pincian hill or out to the Villa Borghese. The Porta Pia, the Lateran and St. Pancras gates open to airy promenades. No place can be more delightful in its environs than Rome. All around her is spread the most glorious panorama of hills and verdant plains, and every road or radius out is cut and worn down by time past. Nearer the center, within the walls, are the old sights that never tire, like dear old friends more cordial and entertaining at every visit. The most random ride or walk brings you within the beck of monuments and structures full of interest from Numa till now. We turn down the Corso, thronged with ladies in hats and hoops—between modern palaces with their grated windows, and shops full of French fashions—and just now at the right we catch a glimpse of antique columns. We halt and turn back; it is the magnificent Corinthian portico of the Argonauts, or of the Temple of Neptune, as you will, but now walled up between the columns and economized into the facade of the Custom-house. Thus its grand cornice and marble columns are preserved for us in their places. We grumble at times that modern Rome has so much attached itself, lichen-like, to these fine old ruins; but often it serves as a kindly prop to what the wild fig tree, or the church, might otherwise long ago have wrestled down. But we cannot stop to measure or to muse; the Red Book is instructed with all that. We only note the wondrous variety of fine pieces that this kaleidiscope ride turns round to us. Anon we are tracing the circumference of part of the Theater of Marcellus, of Augustan times, shut up in the thickest of the city, knee-deep in the soil of ages, yet stalwart and strong, with an array of Doric and Ionic columns around it. Its lower arches are worked into old iron shops, bakeries and cobbler cells, all built of enormous blocks, time-colored and withal a Jewish scent that leads us on close by to the Porta d'Octavia. Here are more grand pilasters and acanthus tops, and marble pediments and great arches; and within, the fish market (begging your pardon for the smells); the whole the entrance to the Ghetto, the Jews' quarter, and which till lately locked them up at night. The marble fish-counters, the ancient pavement of the Portico, are cleared now of their merchandise; but outside on a stone sits a hard, knotty old Jewess, nodding beside her fish-basket. By some turn we pass through an old clothes, rag-fair street, lined with clothing being made ready, and frouzy men and women with long ear-rings, piecing, patching and stitching all sorts of garments, every one begging us to look and to buy. Out of the Ghetto, the streets are still narrow; the men before the shops are knitting or making nets or mending their jackets, the women doing the same and tending the babies, which from swaddling-bands they put into leading-strings, and tottle along till they can go alone themselves, thus forestalling creeping, and making every other child bow-legged, or more positively deformed.

But here we are halted again before a capriciously figured brick and stone façade of some say Rienzi's, some say Pilate's house; but the fact is it is near the bank of the river, and this is as near as the doctors of archæology can agree. The guide book hesitates whether to quote from Byron or the Bible; the small point of difference being whether here lived Cola Rienzi whom the people killed, or Pontius Pilate who sent our Lord to crucifixion.

But, perhaps, it is more certain that just down this bank, if Virgil be good authority, is where Æneas landed to seek Evander's aid; and near by was Numa's tomb, now washed away by the Tiber. Down a little at the right is the Tibern isle, formed of the floating debris of Tarquin's ravaged fields, where the god Æsculapius, in the form of a serpent, retired, when brought to Rome to heal the pest. All these are souvenirs of the highest respectability from their great antiquity, and on which I do not know that archæologists disagree. Those nobs and nobles of the North, who boast of a lineage lost in the Norseman's night of time, need only to come here to find themselves so easily outdone. All those messy, scragged old men, and their sturdy sons—those handsome spinning women of Trastevere and their tight-swaddled babes, each and every one boasts his descent straight from Father Æneas. But without fording the river for antiquity, there is enough more close by. Here, at the left, is the little round temple of Vesta—round because the world is round—so pretty and little, it had better be left as authentic without further thought—where the Trojan Palladium was hid in a hogshead, and the Vestals kept the sacred elemental fire and the Penates of the Romans—with subterranean steps still traced, on which we halt and wonder whether ever some weaker sister was borne down hither to her living tomb, or whether they only conduct to some passage to the Capitol or Forum in case of siege or danger. Just alongside, with only a muddy road between, is a perfect little Ionic model, a remnant of primal Rome, a temple built by Servius Tullius to his patron Fortune, who from a slave had made him a king. And in the classics it is whispered that later the Roman women came here on the 1st of April, on no fool's errand, but, after bathing and sacrificing to the goddess, to implore her to hide from their husbands any lack of physical beauty, and to embellish them with every grace in the eyes of their lords. A pretty, wife-like prayer enough—if handsome is what handsome does; but across the Piazza, in the high-towered church, with the columns of the temple of Ceres within, there is the marble disc with a hole for a mouth where the husbands tried the matter, and hither led the belles from over the way to put their hands into this yawning mouth and swear to their virtue; and if she lied, woe to the woman—her hand was held fast, and she condemned. And so myth and fable, mythology and religion, twine their mazes round us here. All these temples are churches now, dedicated to the Christian Virgin; the Piazza around which they stand is like a muddy cattle-yard; yoked oxen and buffaloes are resting from their loads or drinking at the fountain, which, by the way, is old Sabine Turnus's daughter turned by a whim of Jove to water. This strange wedlock of the past and now appears at every turn. This little temple of Vesta in Numa's time was spacious enough for the four women of all Rome who were consecrated to a celibic life. Now every temple is a church, and every church hangs to its convent swarming with Christian vestals.

Here we are at the foot of the Palatine, as green and bushy as when the she-wolf had her cave up in its side, where the good couple Faustulus and Laurentia found the two nurslings and adopted them as their own little boys; and now the Palatine from the cradle is changed to the grave of an empire.

Within call of this weird spot, where anciently lay the graves of the Vestals, condemned soldiers are shot now, and the guillotine is raised for civil criminals. Turning up toward the Forum is the quadrangular arch of imperial times, built of Cyclopian marble blocks, to shelter the cattle-merchants and drovers from the sun and rain. Every god, of high or low degree, had his temple; every class of people its monument. Opposite this still firm and perfectly preserved structure—all but the metal dug out from the jointure of the stones—we turn down a weedy path, between high damp walls hung with ivy and maiden's hair, and come to a crystal-clear stream, flowing out from masonry, and losing itself therein again; for further along, and low down, under the same overgrown, weedy walls, is the arch of the old Cloaca Maxima, almost as old as Rome, and still its sewer to the Tiber. The water is high now and the passage is much filled; but anciently a cart of hay might have been drawn by oxen through it. It is built of great blocks without cement, and so fitted you cannot insinuate your finest penknife blade in any joint. All this tells much of the will, and force, and foresight of those strong old Romans, who built their city, though sometimes to be ravaged, yet ever to retain the surname Eternal. All these most antique and later structures just here seem eyes half closed, like socks and grottoes. On one side, worried into the wall, is a filthy washing fountain, where women are pounding and splashing their clothes in the cold, soapy, alkaline water. On the other hand, this same clear Tiber, leading now to the great Cloaca, first drained the Forum when it lay a marsh between the Capitol and Palatine hills; and to-day through the Forum's broken marble pavement the sunlight glances on the still flowing stream. These great enduring structures are the strong links between the past and present, by which we pass, as on a bridge of chains, to that wide continent bounded by fable and peopled by all that race of heroes and demigods, whose portraits in stone we go to see now in the Capitol and Vatican, the sea and river gods, the Theseuses, the Hercules, and all their mighty kith and kin. Then by sudden contrast we come again to a church or wayside altar, with images of the Virgin and of the saints, and all the paraphernalia of another worship, and we ask ourselves anew, "What is this Rome, and what are its components, and where is its solution? Looking toward the south on Mount Albano, there lies Alba Longa on the brink of Lake Albano, a rock to mark its site, and we recall that in early times some fugitives came from thence down here, and on the Palatine built their huts and planted the seed of Pagan Rome. Eight hundred years later some Asiatic fishermen and their followers, prisoners, slaves or fugitives, camp and sowed their "martyred blood and ashes over all the Italian fields," and by and by the Vatican vanquished the Capitol, and up rose Christian Rome.

The coachman winds us through the Forum and around the other side of the Palatine, whose base is now somewhat diamond-shape, as the roads go, the northern acute angle pointing toward the Capitol, and the South, out between the Cœlian and Aventine hills on the line of the Appian Way toward Albano. Its eminence is covered with vineyards, vegetable gardens, waste bushy grounds—a modern villa turned to a convent—all scattered with huge walls, whole and broken arches, bluffs and masonry—the whole hill of ruins indiscriminately named the "Palace of the Cæsars." The Capitol and the Palatine, with only the Forum between, stand rather in the center—around which circle the other five of the ancient seven hills—which in fact are one slightly elevated ridge divided by valleys, in some cases now almost filled. The Capitol's elevation is decidedly marked; it is all built over with modern structures and shows nothing of green unless in the gardens on the brow of the Tarpeian Rock. The Palatine, as I have said, is quite a large hill, knoll-like, detached—surrounded by valleys—itself all green, and marked with ruins and walls that at a distance seem like rocks and bluffs. The Aventine looks as high—covered with vineyards over the grave of Remus—with some few buildings of churches and convents, and perhaps some country houses—all the hill overlooking the Tiber. The Quirinal is occupied by the Pope's Palace, the gardens of the Colonna Palace and modern town structures. The Cœlian I cannot trace; its site looks like a field. The other two, the Esquiline and Viminal, are covered with churches, convents, villas and suburban residences. These make up the sacred seven. The Pincio comes in as a *parvenu*, covered with gardens, and is the present public promenade. This, with the Vatican, that keeps St. Peter's and the Papal Bulls, is now walled in with the town. Monte Mario, the Janiculum and the Vatican Hills all lie across the river—the first quite a mountain, with vineyards and fields and on the top a villa; next, the Vatican intervenes with its great dome; then the Janiculum rises higher—another green ridge that underlies the western horizon and crouches down to the Campagna on the south.

NOTES ON THE MAURITIUS.

II.—DISCOVERY OF THE ISLAND.

In the year 1505 Don Pedro de Mascaregnas, a Portuguese, while sailing about in the Indian seas, discovered Mauritius and Bourbon, the well-known French colony, now called Réunion. This last he called by his own name, and Mauritius, Cernéa, from a large bird he found there, resembling the "dodo." This bird was so stupid or tame that it could be knocked down or taken without attempting to escape.

There were no animals of any kind found there, so the Portuguese landed some deer, goats, monkeys and pigs, whose descendants still remain.

The Portuguese seemed to be entirely unaware of the value of this fertile island, and merely kept it as a place of refreshment for their vessels, thinking in their simplicity that no other nation would ever be likely to discover the secret of their route to India, and that, therefore, they should remain in quiet possession of their monopoly of Indian commerce.

In the year 1598, a squadron of Dutch vessels, while attempting to reach their possessions in Bantam, were separated by a violent tempest at the Cape of Good Hope, and five of them, commanded by Admiral Van Marwick, accidentally fell in with this island, which they knew only by name. The Admiral sent out boats and made a most careful examination of it. The parties found an astonishing variety of tame birds, an abundance of water, and a most luxurious vegetation. On the shore was about three hundred weight of wax, impressed with Greek characters, and some parts of a vessel, but no trace of human beings was discernible.

After returning thanks, the Admiral named the island "Mauritius," for Count Maurice, of Nassau, then Stadtholder of Holland, and the port, "Marwick Haven," for himself.

He, however, left no colony there; but contented himself with blazoning the Dutch arms on an escutcheon, affixed to a tree. He planted a piece of ground, surrounded it by an enclosure, refreshed his men, and then departed.

In 1601, another Dutch vessel, being off the Island, sent a yacht ashore to take a more minute survey of it. They returned with a poor Frenchman who had been playing Robinson Crusoe there for some months. He had escaped with some comrades, from Malacca, in an open boat, and had been abandoned by his companions on his refusing to continue with them on their hazardous voyage.

It seems that the first permanent establishment of the Dutch was at the South-Eastern Port, in the year 1644. Their first Governor, Van der Mester, resolving to make the most of the resources of the island, and thinking the new colony was cramped in its energies by the deficiency of labor, sent a vessel to the French colony at Madagascar to purchase some slaves.

This humane request was acceded to by Pronis, the French Governor, who kidnapped a number of Malegaches, who had settled under his protection. This breach of faith ultimately proved the ruin of both colonies; for the natives of Madagascar, on discovering that sixteen women of the distinguished tribe of Leharittis were among the captured, turned against the French; and no sooner were the slaves landed at Mauritius than a large party of them fled to the woods, and the others, rendered furious by the harsh treatment they received, soon followed their example. Thus was raised up a band of men called "Marons," who, desirous of revenge, were ever on the watch to insult and attack their oppressors.

Harassed on one side by these depredators, and checked in all progress by the parsimony of their East India Company, the Dutch were compelled to abandon the Island. The Marons fearing their return, molested every vessel that visited the island for refreshments, and frequently surprised and killed the crews.

To remedy such disasters, the Dutch resolved on resettling Mauritius. They immediately formed three colonies, one in the northern, another in the north-west, and the other in the south-east part of the island. They appointed a Governor, banished here their State criminals from Batavia and their other colonies, built a fort—which the blacks destroyed; built another of stone, planted a garden, cultivated tobacco and struggled on. But as nothing seemed to prosper with them, they resolved upon abandoning the island. So, withdrawing their troops to the Cape of Good Hope, they gave up all connection with the beautiful isle which they had found a paradise, and which they left covered with the trail of the serpent.

In 1715, Capt. Dupresne, of the Chasseur, came to Mauritius and took formal possession of it under the name of the Isle of France.

In 1721, the Chevalier Jean Baptiste Garnier de Faugeray, commanding the "Victor" of St. Malo, repeated in the name of the French East India Company, the act of possession, either ignorant of the existence of a previous act on the part of his countrymen, or else to make assurance doubly sure.

Be that as it may, about this time Mr. de Beauvilliers, the Governor of Bourbon (which had been in the possession of the French since 1664), sent several colonists from that island—and the same year M. de Nyon, a knight of the Order of St. Louis, was formally invested with the Lieutenant-Governorship of the new colony, in which he arrived in January, 1722, and began his administration by the establishment of a Provincial Council, composed of six of the principal inhabitants. In addition to the colonists from Bourbon was a party of French who had escaped from the massacre of the French colony at Port Dauphin, in Madagascar, and who, without any form of government, had established themselves in the south-east part of the island.

In order to attract immigrants, the East India Company offered to assist all respectable families who would settle on the Island. Many families emigrated from St. Malo, and permanently established themselves.

The Company now attempted the cultivation of spice plants, and in the deeds of all concessions of lands, the obligation to carry out its views in this matter formed the principal stipulation.

For several years the colony was not very prosperous. The Governors resided at Bourbon. They had trouble with the Marons, who compelled the inhabitants in one part of the Island to abandon their settlement. Then they had a violent hurricane; many times they were almost determined to abandon the Island as the Dutch had done, but some event always occurred to prevent their carrying their design into execution.

At length the East India Company resolved to have the island minutely explored. The report was so favorable that they at once perceived the immense advantage it might be to them in their eastern commerce. They therefore gave full power to M. Mahe de la Bourdonnais (who had already visited it) to carry out their views, and in 1734 he was appointed Governor of the Isles of France and Bourbon.

The change that took place in the Isle of France during the twelve years of the administration of M. Le Bourdonnais is astonishing. He may truly be said to have been the founder of the colony. He aroused the disconsolate inhabitants from the state of apathy into which they had fallen—induced them to cultivate indigo, sugar cane and the manioc, which he had himself brought from Brazil. He established a "Conseil Superieur," and changed the port from the south-east to what is now the City of Port Louis.

He built forts, hospitals, arsenals, barracks, established roads, a place for repairing vessels, built mills, quays, offices, shops, canals and aqueducts.

It seems almost impossible that one man could accomplish so much in so short a space of time, in a little isle, in a hot climate; but, like many other public benefactors, he was doomed to have enemies and be misrepresented.

The death of his wife occurring in 1740, he left the Government in the hands of M. de St. Martin, and sailed for France. Instead of meeting from the Company the gratitude to which he was entitled, he found that a strong prejudice prevailed against him, and he was soon called upon to explain his conduct.

Being fully exonerated, he was next charged with the command of the naval squadron destined for India, and sailed for his beloved Isle of France in 1741, and exerted himself to the utmost to have it perfectly fortified.

It was during this second administration of La Bourdonnais, in the year 1745, that the St. Geran was wrecked, in which was lost the Virginia of Bernardin St. Pierre, who subsequently visited the island.

War being declared in 1746, La Bourdonnais equipped a fleet, principally with the resources of the Island, and sailed for Pondicherry, again leaving the government with M. de St. Martin. But on his return he found that further calumnious reports had been made against him, and that a M. David had been sent out to take his place and to inquire into his conduct.

M. David, far from considering these reports well founded, gave M. La Bourdonnais command of the vessels destined for Europe. M. La Bourdonnais sailed for Martinique, there took passage in a Dutch ship for France, but on his way home was taken prisoner by an English vessel and carried to England; there, however, instead of being treated as a prisoner, he was released on parole and allowed to return to his own country—to be thrown into the Bastile as a reward for his services. After remaining in a dungeon three years, he was acquitted and thrown penniless upon the world. He survived this ungrateful treatment but three years.

Now came many troubles upon the Island—hurricanes, locusts, sickness. Then the English tried to take it, but on their way stopped at the Isle of Rodrigues, the soldiers ate of the fish there, were poisoned, and the expedition was abandoned. Then the East India Company monopolized all their agricultural resources; but being themselves greatly embarrassed by the war, they were obliged to give up their possessions in the East, including the Isles of France and Bourbon, and in 1767 they reverted to the Crown.

After the Island came into possession of the King there were almost endless discussions between the persons appointed to govern it—there being two men with almost equal power. Then in 1773 they had another hurricane, the most violent that had ever been known there. It entirely ruined the crops, and destroyed more than 300 houses in Port Louis, while 32 vessels were stranded in the harbor. But the inhabitants were more energetic than before the days of La Bourdonnais, and soon repaired the disasters caused by the storm. It is not a little singular that just at this time was projected by M. Poivre, the Intendant of the Island, the garden of the King at Pamplemourres. M. Poivre wished to have grown in this garden every kind of plant that was then known. He was indefatigable in his exertions. He had roots, seeds, and trees brought from China, Brazil, Madagascar, and left no means unemployed to have them propagated. It was not merely those for ornament, as is too often the case in public gardens, but every plant good for food or medicine, that he essayed to cultivate. He may, indeed, be considered a benefactor not only to the island of Mauritius but to the whole world. He had himself, some time before the establishment of the garden, introduced pepper—which bears his name—Poivre, and many spice-plants into the island, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing them blossom. Every one rejoiced at this, as they anticipated great wealth from the cultivation of spices. Now spice and coffee, which were equal to those raised in Mocha, have been abandoned for the cultivation of the sugar-cane, which is now the chief source of wealth to the inhabitants.

Is it not strange that in this little Island, more than a hundred years ago, should have been established a garden which is now considered one of the most beautiful as well as the most valuable in the world? The French are creating one similar, introducing all the strange plants from Algiers; but it will be long ere it can equal that at Mauritius. What an admirable one we might have in our country, if, with all our energy, we had also the patient industry necessary for its continuance and perfection.

For some time after the American Revolution, Mauritius was the chief seat of government for the French possessions in the Indian Seas. In January, 1790, a vessel brought news of the power usurped by the National Assembly at Paris. As the captain, officers and crew wore the tri-colored cockade, many of the colonists adopted it, and seemed ready for a revolution; but the more intelligent part of the inhabitants sided with the Government.

Tumultuous meetings took place; memorials of complaints and demands were drawn up, and revolutionary placards posted; the Governor arrested the young men who had caused the placards to be posted up, but some of the people liberated them, and compelled the Governor to wear the tri-colored cockade. M. de Macnemara, the Commandant of the French Marines, having expressed his disapprobation of these proceedings, and written to the Minister that two of the regiments had taken part with the revolutionists, had his letter intercepted, was arrested, and, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made by the Governor and his friends, he was brutally murdered. The Governor, in dispair, resigned his office.

Now, as a punishment for their sins, the small-pox carried off, in about three months, more than 4,000 persons; and while the minds of the people and soldiers were in a manner convalescing, M. de Malartié, the new Governor, arrived. He was a very energetic man, and would have succeeded admirably, but, just as he was quieting the people, the news of the power of the Jacobin Clubs in France aroused the grumblers, and they must needs make a Jacobin Club of their own. Then they compelled M. de M. to grant them a vessel to go to Bourbon and arrest the Governor, the civil Commissary and the Commandant of Marines. They brought them to Port Louis, escorted them through the town, put fetters upon them, and bestowed them in prison.

Next they established a guillotine, but before it was in operation, news arrived that the French Republic had abolished Slavery in all its colonies and settlements. As the population consisted of but 59,000 persons, and more than 49,000 were slaves, this announcement created great alarm. The Jacobin Club was immediately annihilated, the prisoners set at liberty without a trial, the guillotine destroyed, the principal Jacobins put on board a ship bound for France, and the planters, with the groans from St. Domingo sounding in their ears, knew not what to do. The time for emancipation had not yet arrived, and M. Malartié induced the Assembly to pass a resolution not to execute any of the laws emanating from France until they had been previously examined and sanctioned.

While deliberating, four frigates arrived, with two agents from the French Directory and two companies of artillery. The colonists tried in vain to prevent the landing of these agents, who stalked round the town in great state, menacing the inhabitants, and amiably promising to hang the Governor, without, however, making known their intention respecting the slaves. As some of the young creoles had resolved on their destruction, the Governor wishing to return good for evil, succeeded in having them placed on board a ship to convey them to the Philippine Isles, as the place the most distant from France. But the soldiers of the agents remained, and gave great trouble. They resolved to liberate the negresses that lived with them; but the Governor sent them off to Batavia under pretense of assisting the Dutch.

After this, the troops that remained resolved to liberate the slaves. The Assembly, in order to frustrate this plan, obtained an order from the Governor for their immediate embarkation. Every freeman in the island was summoned to assist the Government, and, after great trouble, but without bloodshed, the soldiers at length consented to depart, and the island was freed from eight hundred stipendiaries of the French Republic.

Then the Colony had trouble about the debt contracted with the paper currency; however, they did not neglect education, for in 1791 the Assembly founded the Colonial College, which at one time was attended by more than four hundred pupils.

THE VOTERS OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Returns from all but fifteen towns, viz: Medford and Woburn, in Middlesex County; Danvers, Ipswich and Nahant, in Essex; Lancaster and Harvard, in Worcester; Tolland, in Hampden; Bernardstown, Munroe and Orange, in Franklin; Braintree and Needham, in Norfolk; Mattapoisett, in Plymouth; and Marshpee District, in Barnstable, exhibit the following results:

Counties.	No. voters.	Counties.	No. voters.
Suffolk (complete)	24,745	Norfolk	18,756
Middlesex	33,047	Plymouth	14,137
Essex	26,318	Bristol (complete)	17,815
Worcester	28,634	Barnstable	7,870
Hampden	10,266	Nantucket (complete)	1,525
Franklin	6,119	Dukes (complete)	1,102
Hampshire (complete)	7,401		
Berkshire (complete)	9,664	Total	207,599

Probably the towns yet to come will increase the whole number of voters to 216,000. The number of Representatives will be 240, and thus the whole number of voters required to elect a Representative will be 900. Number of Senators 40, requiring 5,400 voters to each Senatorial District.

The Legislature at the approaching special session, commencing July 14, will apportion to the several counties the number of Representatives to which they are entitled by the census, in proportion to the number of legal voters. It will then remain for the County Commissioners in each county to arrange the cities and towns into districts. The districts may be made to choose one, two or three Representatives each, and no town or ward of a city can be divided.

[Boston Traveler.

The President has officially recognized William L. Booker as British Consul for California to reside at San Francisco.

COMPLIMENT FROM POLITICAL OPPONENTS.—Richard M. Blatchford and Marshall O. Roberts are the bondsmen of the new Collector in $200,000 each. [Post.

The Southerners at Home...No. V.

From the Journal of a Northern Traveler on Horseback.

WESTERN MISSISSIPPI.

The first night after leaving Natchez I found lodging with a German, who, when I inquired if he could accommodate me, at once said: Yes, Sir; I make it *a business* to lodge travelers. He had a little farm and owned four strong negro men and a woman and children. All his men, however, he hired out as porters or servants in Natchez, employing a white man, a native of the country, to work with him on his farm.

To explain the economy of this arrangement, he said that one of his men earned in Natchez $30 a month clear of all expenses, and the others much more than he could ever make their labor worth to him. A negro of ordinary intelligence would hire for $200 a year and his board, which was worth $8 a month. Whereas he hired this white fellow, who was strong and able, for $10 a month; and he believed he got as much work out of him as he could out of a negro. If labor were worth so much as he got for that of his negroes, why did the white man not demand more? Well—he kept him in whiskey and tobacco beside his wages, and he was content. Most folks here did not like white laborers. They had only been used to have niggers do their work, and they did not know how to manage with white laborers; but he had no difficulty.

I asked if $8 would cover the cost of a man's board? He supposed it might cost him rather more than that to keep the white man; $8 was what it was generally reckoned in town to cost to keep a negro; niggers living in town or near it were expected to have "extras;" out on the plantations where they did not get anything but bacon and meal, of course it did not cost so much. Did he know what it cost to keep a negro generally upon the plantations? It was generally reckoned, he said, that a nigger ought to have a peck of meal and three pounds of bacon a week; some didn't give so much meat, but he thought it would be better to give them more.

"You are getting rich," I said. "Are the Germans generally, hereabouts, doing well? I see there are a good many in Natchez."

"Oh yes; anybody who is not too proud to work can get rich here."

The next day, I having ridden 30 tedious miles about 6 o'clock, I called at the first house standing upon or near the road which I had seen for some time, and solicited a lodging. It was refused by a woman. How far was it to the next house? I asked her. Two miles and a half. So I found it to be, but it was a deserted house, falling to decay, on an abandoned plantation. I rode several miles further, and it was growing dark and threatening rain before I came in sight of another. It was a short distance off the road, and approached by a private lane, from which it was separated by a grass plat. A well-dressed man stood between the gate and the house. I stopped and bowed to him, but he turned his back upon me and walked to the house. I opened a gate and rode in. Two men were upon the gallery, and I said, as I stopped near them, "Could I obtain a lodging here to-night, gentlemen?" One of them answered in monosyllable, surlily and decidedly, "No." I paused a moment that they might observe me—evidently a stranger benighted, with a fatigued horse, and then asked, "Can you tell me, Sir, how far it is to a public-house?" "I don't know," answered the same man. "No public-houses in this section of country I reckon, Sir," said the other. "Do you know how far it is to the next house on the road, east of this?" "No," answered one. "You'll find one about two miles or two mile and a half from here," said the other. "Is it a house in which I shall be likely to get a lodging, do you know?" "I don't know, I'm sure."

Soon after, I came to a house and barns close upon the road. There was a man on the gallery playing on a fiddle. I asked, "could you accommodate me here to-night, Sir?" He stopped fiddling and turned his head toward an open door, asking, "wants to know if you can accommodate him?" "Accommodate him with what?" demanded a harsh, bad woman's voice. "With a bed, of course—what do you s'pose—ha! ha! ha!" and he went on fiddling again. I had during this conversation observed ranges of negro huts behind the barns and perceived that it must be the overseer's house of the same plantation at which I had previously called. "Like master, like man," I thought and rode on, my inquiry not having been even answered.

I met a negro boy on the road who told me it was bout two miles to the next house, but he did not reckon that I would get in there. "How far to the next house beyond that?" "About four miles, Sir, and I reckon you can get in there, master; I've heerd they did take in travelers to that place."

Soon after this it began to rain and grew dark; so dark that I could not keep the road, for soon finding Belshazzar in difficulty, I got off and discovered that we were following up the bed of a small dry stream. In trying to get back I probably crossed the road, as I did not find it again, and wandered cautiously among trees for nearly an hour, at length coming to open country and a fence. Keeping this in sight I rode until I found a gate, entering at which I followed a nearly straight and tolerably good road full an hour, at last coming to a large negro "settlement." I passed through it to the end of the rows, where was a larger cabin. A shout here brought out the overseer. I begged for a night's lodging; he was silent; I said that I had traveled far, was much fatigued and hungry; my horse was nearly knocked up, and I was a stranger in the country; I had lost my road and only by good fortune had found my way here. He seemed to hesitate, and at length, as I continued urging my need, he said:

"Well, I suppose you must stop. Ho, Byron! Here, Byron, take this man's horse and put him in *my* stable. 'Light, Sir, and come in."

Within I found his wife, a young but not very attractive person, gaudily dressed—a caricature of the fashions of the day. Apparently, they had both been making a visit to neighbors, and but just come home. I was not received very kindly, but at the request of her husband she brought out and set before me some cold corn-bread and fat bacon.

Before I had finished eating my supper, however, they both quite changed their manner, and the woman apologized for not having made some coffee. The cook had gone to bed and the fire was out. She presently ordered Byron, as he brought my saddle in, to get some "light-wood" and make a fire; said she was afraid I had made a sorry supper, and set a chair by the fire-place for me as I drew away from the table.

I plied the man with inquiry about his business, gained his interest in the points of difference between Northern and Southern agriculture, and soon had him in a very sociable and communicative humor. He gave me much overseer's lore about cotton culture, nigger and cattle maladies, the proper mode of keeping sweet potatoes, &c.; and when I proposed to ride over the plantation with him in the morning, he said he "would be very thankful of my company."

I think they gave up their own usual bed to me, for it was double, and had been slept in since the sheets were last changed; and the room was garnished with pistols and other arms and ammunition, rolls of negro cloth, shoes and hats, handcuffs, a large medicine chest and several books on medical and surgical subjects and farriery; articles of both men's and women's wearing apparel also hung against the walls, which were also decorated with some large patent medicine posters.*

We had a good breakfast in the morning, and immediately afterward mounted and rode to a very

* THE WASHINGTON REMEDIES—TO PLANTERS AND OTHERS.—These Remedies, now offered to the public under the title of the Washington Remedies, are composed of ingredients, many of which are not even known to Botany. No apothecary has them for sale; they are supplied to the subscriber by the native red men of Louisiana. The recipes by which they are compounded have descended to the present possessor, M. A. MICKLEJOHN, from ancestors who obtained them from the friendly Indian tribes, prior to and during the Revolution, and they are now offered to the public with that confidence which has been gained from a knowledge of the fact that during so long a series of years, there has never been known an instance in which they have failed to perform a speedy and permanent cure. The subscribers do not profess these remedies will cure *every* disarrangement of the human system, but in such as are enumerated below they feel they cannot fail. The directions for use have only to be strictly followed, and however despairing the patient may have been, he will find cause for blissful *hope* and renewed *life*.

These preparations are no Northern patent humbug, but are manufactured in New-Orleans by a Creole, who has long used them in private practice, rescuing many unfortunate victims of disease from the grave, after they have been given up by their physicians as incurable, or have been tortured beyond endurance by laceration and painful operations.